

Princ. Come hither, Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Princ. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth fve yeeres, and as muchas to

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon, sir.

Princ. Fve yeeres: berlady a long lease for the chyncking of pewter: But Francis, darest thou bee so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon sir.

Princ. How old art thou, Francis?

Francis. Let mee see, about Michaelmas next I shall bee.

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Princ. Nay, but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas but a pennyworth, wast not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had bene two.

Princ. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon.

Princ. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis or Francis, on Thursday: or indeed Francis, when thou wilt: But Francis:

Francis. My Lord.

Princ. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agar ring, puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Princ. Why then your Browne bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir;

Poynes. Francis,

Princ. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call? If Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

Vint. What, standst thou looke to the Ghests within. M a dozen more, are at the dore, sh

Prin. Let them alone a while,

Poynes. A non, anon sir.

Prin. Sirra, Falstaffe and the doore, shall wee bee merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, cunning match haue you made come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, humors, since the old daies of go of this present Twelue a clocke Francis?

Francis. Anon, anon sir.

Princ. That euer this fellow a Parrat, and yet the son of a W and downe staires, his eloquer am not yet of Perceys miude, th kills me some 6 or 7. dozen of S hands, and sayes to his wife, I work, O my sweet Harry sayes to day? Giue my Roan horse a some fourteene, an hour after: Falstaffe, ile play Percy, and th Dame Mortimer his wife. Rino, call in Tallow.

Enter Fa

Poynes. Welcome Jacke, where

Fals. A plague of all coward may and Amen: giue me a cup life long, ile sow nether stocks, too. A plague of all cowards, there no vertue extant?

Princ. Didst thou neuer see 7 full hearted Titan, that melted thou didst, then behold that co

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